

HERESS DIDN'T DROPE WITH TENOR

But She Might Have Done,
So if Her Parents Had
Not Relented.

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE.

Caroline Howard, of Buffalo,
Loved William E. Philp, of
the Bostonians.

The story of an opera tenor's engagement to a millionaire's daughter is romantic enough even without the embroidery of a plan for elopement, abandoned because of the sudden capitulation of the heiress's parents.

William E. Philp, the principal tenor of the Bostonians, admits the fact of his engagement to Miss Caroline Howard, whose father is one of the richest men in Buffalo. But will not admit that they would have eloped yesterday if a reassuring telegram had not been received from Mr. and Mrs. Howard.

EXPERTS BUILDING UP THE BODY OF LUTTGERT.

Julian Hawthorne Describes How Luetgert Was Brought Face to Face with the Ghastly Exhibits and How the Sausage Maker Made Them the Subjects of Grim Jests.

By Julian Hawthorne.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—A sneer has settled permanently upon Luetgert's weary, seamed and wrinkled face, as if he had made up his mind that no other expression was, in a general way, so well adapted to his situation. He understands only partially what is now going on; his idea is that he must show a bold front to the jury, as being joyfully innocent of the crime charged against him.

He does not perceive the difference between brutal callousness and innocence; he imagines that because he can handle and joke about exhibits, which even an uninterested outsider would shrink from touching, the jury will believe his wife is alive. He sat in his chair to-day, surrounded by his counsel and the experts for the defence, and made as merry over

I have seen many strange things, but where shall be seen a thing stranger than this?

The Experts' Turn.

Except for the momentary appearance of a druggist, Kruger, who sold Watchman Black two bottles of celery compound for which Luetgert had dispatched him while he was at his sinister work in the factory, there were but two witnesses to-day—Professor Gibson, of whom we yesterday made the acquaintance, and Professor Delafontaine, of the highest standing in his profession.

Professor Gibson was, if anything, more importunate and precise than he was yesterday. He was under cross-examination by Vincent the greater part of his time, and the dialogue between the two men was amusing to watch. Vincent would arise

This trial is no game to him; still less a comedy. It is a desperate fight, in which he will do the utmost that an honest gentleman may win. He suffers from the obvious fact that Luetgert constantly lies to him or conceals important details from him, replying to all remonstrances, "Wait till I get on the stand myself; then I'll explain it all." Vincent seems an alien amid his present surroundings.

The Defence's Experts.

The experts for the defence who appeared to-day, though they have not yet been put on the stand, are not a promising group, either in appearance or behavior. They are mostly young, hardly above the age of medical students; the trail of the text book is over them and as they sat giggling and whispering to-day I could not but think that they were likely to prove a frail support for a drowning man to depend on. The little finger of a man like Delafontaine outweighs a dozen such.

Professor Gibson was allowed to go when he had admitted that he could not distinguish between the bone and flesh of a man and of an animal "subsisting upon the same food." This seems to indicate that Luetgert may intend to locate a pig in that vat. The professor, on being dismissed, took up a position behind Mr. McEwen's chair, where his utility was obvious, and his distinguished colleague, Delafontaine, assumed the throne which he had vacated. Delafontaine is a man of perhaps sixty, grizzled, strong in features intellectual, and with that peculiar intellectual preoccupation of manner which marks the man of deep thought and study. He is dark complexioned, bald browed, with a strong, salient chin and very keen eyes behind his spectacles. He makes exceedingly graceful gestures as he talks, chiefly with his left hand; his hands are remarkably fine in shape, like women's hands, and yet they are masculine. I hasten to add that the professor is plainly ignorant of this fact; if he ever gave a thought to his personal appearance, it must have been before he left Paris, near thirty years ago. He is quite unconscious of himself, and in that respect may be distinguished from his renowned colleague.

The Boxes Carried In.

It was at about this juncture that the infamous boxes of dead body were carried in, and from them, at Mr. McEwen's request the Professor from time to time fished out his exhibits, identified them, described them, indicated their significance and passed them to counsel for inspection. Then there would be sudden groupings together of the principal personages concerned in the trial and a craning of necks on the part of the unfortunate individuals on the back benches, who sit all day unable to hear a single word of the testimony and hardly able to see anything clearly except the Judge on the bench and the top of Luetgert's head as he changes his posture; but he is a murderer, perhaps, and they are women, and half a loaf is better than no bread.

The Professor is entirely dispassionate. It is science, not Luetgert, that he cares for. I doubt whether he has ever thought of the latter at all, save by accident. He has not yet found the faintest barrier between Luetgert's neck. Not that he would hurt a fly, except in the course of science; he has the kindness and simplicity that so often characterize great thinkers. But every word he utters brings the flabby German a little nearer the end of his journey.

I do not envy the gentleman who has the cross-examining of him. He knows what he knows, and cannot be led into confusing it with any other knowledge of a similar outward aspect. He also knows the limitations of knowledge. And this man, being what he is, told us to-day, in the course of the long examination, that he had found in that vat and its environment the substance which goes to make up a human body only, but the body of a woman, for the teeth of a woman are more likely than those of a man to be dissolved, especially teeth so soft as those of Mrs. Luetgert, who had to have an entire upper set replaced before she was forty.

The Cotton Was Saved.

As regards the fragment of cotton cloth, the Professor said that though woolen stuff is readily dissolved in potash, cotton is not affected by it; and he knew that when Mrs. Luetgert was last seen alive she wore a wrapper of cotton cloth, of which the fragment produced is a piece. Aluminum, said the Professor, is dissolved by the potash, but gold is not affected. This aluminum plate of Mrs. Luetgert's false teeth has not been found, but her gold rings were.

As regards the soapmaking pretext which Luetgert's chummy brain has devised to account for his transactions in the factory on the night of May Day, the professor showed that only soft soap is made of crude potash, and the farmer's wife knows the recipe; it is never used for fine hard soap, and nothing has been found in Luetgert's premises which would enter into the composition of such a substance as he claims to have been trying to manufacture. So, one after the other, all the bladders on which the sausage-maker hoped to swim to safety are being punctured, even before he has fairly got his hands on them. And it is not his enemies who are annihilating his last hopes, but men who know nothing about him—to whom he is as much a matter of indifference as a footprint in the dust of the street.

But he does not comprehend it. "Just let me get on the stand and you'll see how soon I'll have that jury on my side." He has made his way by bullying those weaker than himself, and he thinks he can bully justice, too.

LUTTGERT'S PLAN FAILED.

He Sought \$100,000 Insurance on His Life Recently, but Had to Give It Up.

Chicago, Sept. 9.—The falling through of business plans shortly before the disappearance of his wife, was all that prevented Adolf L. Luetgert, the stalwart sausage-maker, from carrying insurance on his life to the amount of \$100,000. His arrangements were practically made with an insurance company, and a local agent

was prepared to fill in the policy with Luetgert's name when unexpected financial trouble came, followed by the disappearance of Mrs. Luetgert, and so an insurance complication was narrowly prevented from being added to already well-kept entanglements of the case.

"I was conversing with the agent about the time of the disappearance of Mrs. Luetgert," said Fred H. Mason, of No. 225 Dearborn street, today. "The disappearance of the woman came up during the conversation, and the agent threw up his hands and breathed a sigh of relief. He stated that a few weeks before he had arranged with Luetgert to place insurance on the sausage manufacturer's life for \$100,000. Everything was about ready for the papers to be made out when Luetgert told the agent that certain plans had failed. Luetgert had stated that he intended to sell out his business to an English syndicate, and that everything was ready for the deal when, through the dishonesty of an agent, who was conducting the sale, it

"I am." "Do you know the commercial purposes of crude potash?" "It is largely sold to make soft soap." "Do you know anything about the resistance displayed by bones in passing through the ordeal of fire?"

"Not so far as a stove or a furnace are concerned. But I have seen them submitted to a strong gas flame, and they crumbled readily. The bones of cattle will do the same thing."

Luetgert listened to this statement with wide open eyes, in which there was a commingling of wonder and disgust. "Why they won't burn at all," he exclaimed. The cross-examination will be conducted to-morrow.

Another letter purporting to be from the missing wife of the sausage maker came to the surface to-day. It was received through the mails by Mayor Harrison, and read:

"Chicago, Ill., Sept. 9, 1897.

"Mayor of Chicago.

"Dear Sir—I must give up. I can stand it no longer. I would of repeated sooner had

SHERIFF CAPTURED BY ENRAGED MOB.

Men Took Him and Two
Deputies and Tore Down
a Toll Gate.

RAID LONG EXPECTED.

Fifteen Rifles and Shotguns
Prove Too Much for the Guard-
dian of the Public Property.

Cynthiana, Ky., Sept. 9.—Sheriff D. F. Rees and two guards, P. A. Williams and George Pettit, last night, while guarding the toll gate on the Cynthiana and Clayville pike, were surprised by about fifty raiders and marched off about one hundred yards, while the raiders proceeded to chop down the gate. The Sheriff and guards were stationed behind a small hill, and were not aware of the presence of the raiders until they saw about fifteen muskets, shotguns, rifles and revolvers pointing over the hill at them.

The leader of the Ku Klux ordered them to throw up their hands, which they were forced to do against their will. They were



Witnesses for the State Identifying Exhibits Found in the Factory.

It was at the Columbia Theatre, Brooklyn, last night that this pretty little love story reached an appropriately theatrical end of development. Miss Howard occupied a stage box under the chaperonage of Mrs. Henry Clay Barnabee, and leaned forward over the railing with a tender smile as her young fiancé sang love ballads incidental to his part, his eyes ever straying to her winsome face.

After the performance was over Mr. and Mrs. Barnabee, Mr. Philp and Miss Howard had supper together at the Clarence, after which Miss Howard went home with her hostess, Mrs. Barnabee, and Mr. Philp returned to his hotel.

Miss Howard came from Buffalo yesterday, and the well defined story which Mr. Philp refused to confirm last night was that she had come with the intention of becoming his bride against the consent of her father and mother. It is further said, and the story comes by wire from Buffalo, that Miss Howard sent a telegram to her parents on the morning of the "match" and that her plans were, and that they replied promising to sanction the marriage if she would only defer it until such time as it could be solemnized with all the edicts due to her station in life. Thereupon, runs this version of the affair, the lovers agreed to wait, and Miss Howard determined to spend a few days in New York buying her trousseau.

Miss Howard's father is the president of the Niagara Bank of Buffalo, and owns many acres on the Great Lakes. His fortune is computed at several millions. His daughter Caroline is a dazzling blonde, long considered by the most desirable "match" from monetary, social and personal points of view. In Buffalo, Philp fascinated her first with his voice, when the Bostonians played an engagement in Buffalo many months ago.

Betrothal Sanctioned.
They met in society, and the millionaire's daughter learned to love the young English tenor. He proposed and she accepted, as the story books say, and they had other views for her. And now, whether an elopement was planned or not, they are betrothed with full parental sanction.

William E. Philp is a brother of James Philp, who is best known here as the composer of "The Jewel of Asia" song in "The Engagement of his sister Maude to Theodore De Bello, the editor of the Morning Post, the greatest London society organ." He married over the sea in the capacity of an able-bodied seaman, deriving strength from the ocean gases. When he returned to London he made the acquaintance of Mark Tapley, the opera tenor, who praised his voice and advised him to enter the profession. In this way he became Tapley's understudy, and later on achieved the distinction of creating parts for himself. This is his second season with the Bostonians.

HALL BOY KILLED BY GAS.

The Light in John Manahan's Room
Blew Out and He Was Asphyxiated.

John Manahan, a youth of sixteen, applied at the Whiteland state, One Fine street, and Thirty-fifth and Seventh avenues, on Wednesday morning for a position as hall boy. He had no letters of recommendation, and as he seemed of police age, the proprietor gave the boy the position he asked for.

In the evening Manahan was assigned to a room in the basement, and he was opening on the airshaft, and adjoints the room occupied by Marie Carlson, a domestic.

Yesterday morning the janitor smelled gas, and he traced it to Manahan's room, where he found the lad unconscious in the bed. He then opened the door of the room occupied by Marie Carlson, and he found her unconscious too. Manahan had evidently let the gas burning and the light blown out the light, and the doctors succeeded in resuscitating the girl, but the lad was removed to the hospital, where, despite all efforts, he died. All that is known about the youth is that he has an uncle residing at No. 383 Morris avenue.

A Hunk for a Hotel.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 9.—The bark Shirley, built at Medford, Mass., in 1850, has been dismantled and fitted up for a hotel. She was towed out to-day and is on her way to Skagway, where she will be used as a boarding house, and will have accommodations for over one hundred guests. She has for many years been a lumber carrier between Puget Sound and San Francisco.

the relics of mortality that were passed to them as if he were playing a game of dominoes.

Luetgert's Mistake.

He does not realize that a man who can do this, while the State is slowly and relentlessly drawing closer around him a mass of evidence which for cogency and pertinence has never been surpassed in a trial for murder, must be a man devoid of common humanity, to whom murder, as a means of compassing a given end, would be the first thing to suggest itself and the most likely to be carried out. He does not comprehend that the most innocent of men would preserve the gravest demeanor under such circumstances, for many a man has been hanged, and justly hanged, on evidence less convincing than has already been presented by the prosecution.

Accordingly, that sneer persistently furrows his flaccid face, from which all color has now departed. His eyes seem to grow smaller day by day, and glitter like metal points. He suffers from the heat and shifts uneasily in his chair. Certainly he is a painful object to contemplate, and no one who studies him can, I think, forbear to pity him.

His Punishment Now.

If he be guilty, no punishment which society can visit upon him can requite his inhuman deed, but he is undergoing now a punishment which he inflicts upon himself, and which may fairly balance his crime. We cannot forget his victim, but she is at peace, and he lives a while to write hopelessly, yet hoping, in the meshes of the law and finally to disappear.

If he be innocent, then he needs our pity less, for in one way or another we must believe that his innocence will be made to appear. But it would be insincere in me to say that I can now believe him innocent. The legal convention is that a man is to be deemed innocent till he be proved guilty, and that guilt is not fully established until the jury has pronounced its unanimous verdict.

But I, as a spectator, am not bound by this convention, nor must I wait for a jury to tell me what I believe. As a journalist, moreover, I am bound to state that belief when to conceal it would hamper and disguise my report. Doubtless I am as liable as is any man to error. I shall gladly confess my error if it be established by the defence, soon to be made.

Husband and Wife.

But, after a week and more of listening and looking, I think Luetgert murdered his wife, and I shall continue so to think until his innocence is proved. If what I write could in any way obstruct the course of strict justice, or obscure the true issues, I would hold my peace; but the newspapers are not accessible to the jury, and if the prisoner is permitted to read them that is his own and his counsel's affair, not mine. Luetgert and his wife met to-day in the staid court room. Two lusty porters brought to the witness stand sundry big boxes containing the mortal remains of the woman. They were packed in jars, cigar boxes, paper boxes, tin palis; there were fragments of dry bones, fibres steeped in grisly solutions, anomalous dust and granules, pieces of rag and cloth.

They looked inchoate enough, the mere refuse of dust heaps and ash piles, but there, all the time, sat grave professors in the witness chair, interpreting and recounting, until, as you listened, the dry bones and dust took on form and life, the rags grew into garments, the garments were fitted on the figure. There stood a woman in her habit, as she lived, and she was the one particular woman who had borne the prisoner's name, and given birth to his children, and whom he had wickedly thrust into the vat, hoping not only to destroy her life, but to annihilate her body.

perspiring from the bath of experts amid which he had been sitting and would ask a question which one of them had written down for him on paper, together with a possible answer thereto.

It is not to be supposed that Vincent understood the question or the answer to it either; but he was resolute to insist upon a categorical answer, "Yes," or "No," by preference. The professor, on the other hand, found many of the questions impertinent to the true point at issue, which he, but not Vincent, understood and, being in love, above all things, with scientific accuracy, would try to frame a reply which should answer what Vincent ought to have asked.

Vincent Takes a Hand.

Vincent would not have it, and appealed to His Honor. His Honor ruled that the Professor must answer "Yes" or "No," but should then be at liberty to explain what he meant. Accordingly, the Professor, with manifest dissatisfaction, would reply: "Well, then, I will state 'Yes,' but now I must explain"—and he would proceed to make an explanation of which few persons could understand anything, except that it rendered nugatory the "Yes" which had been so reluctantly forced from him.

The general and inevitable incompetence of counsel to handle and digest the subtleties of scientific research would seem to militate against the value, for practical purposes, of such testimony at a trial, and yet we could hardly dispense with it. The jury probably arrives at its conclusions mainly from the personal impression produced upon it by the various scientific dignitaries, and from the degree in which counsel succeed, in their closing speeches, in giving a popular estimate of the results involved. The results may be understood, but the technical processes by which they are reached are hopelessly caviare to the general.

He Did Not Guess.

"And what is this, in your opinion, Professor?" queried Mr. McEwen, referring to some product or other of the hell-broth in which we are all so deeply immersed.

"In my opinion," begins the Professor, bringing his finger tips together and settling himself in his chair. But Judge Vincent rises promptly. "This is too serious a matter, Professor," says he, "for you to guess about."

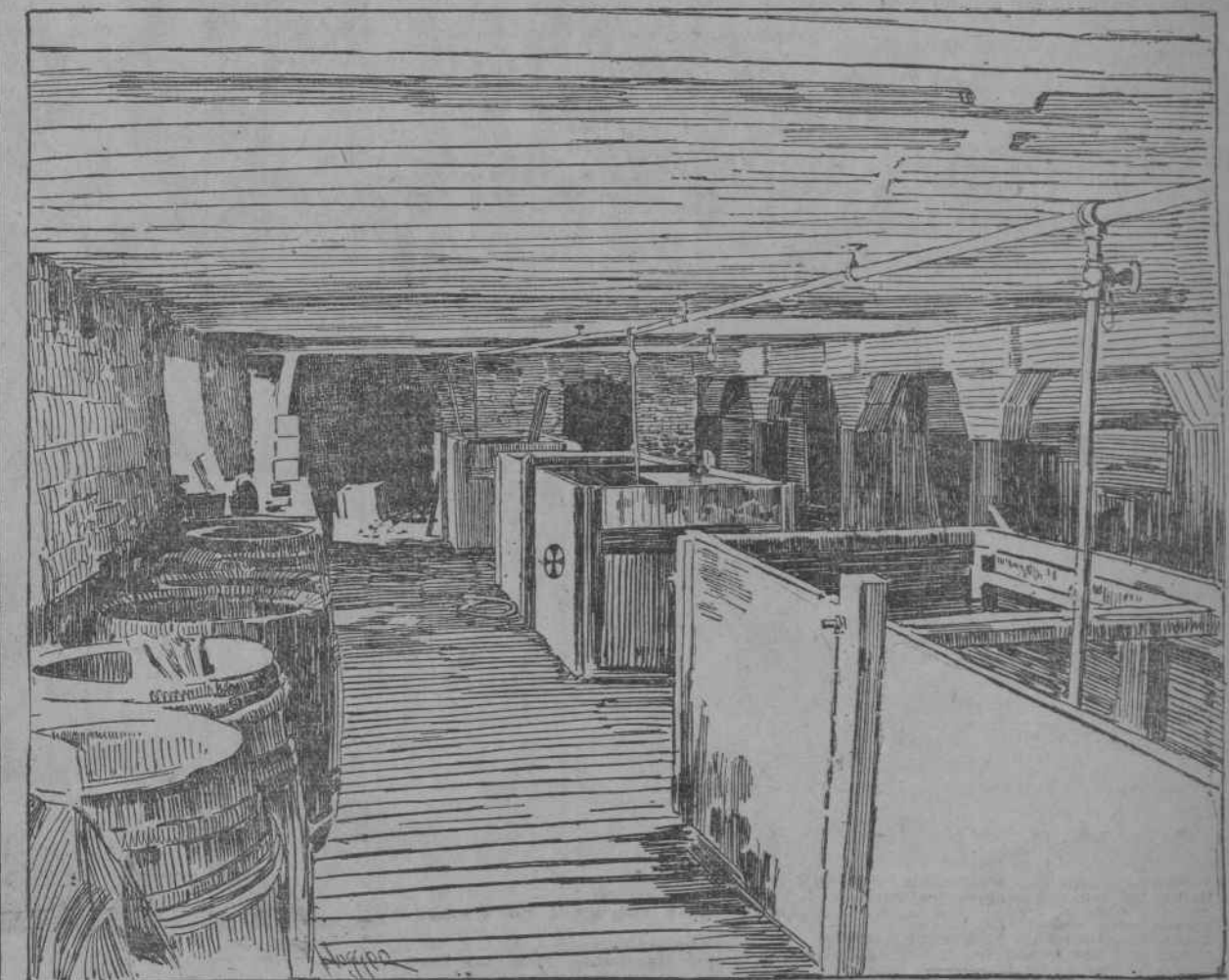
"I am well aware of that," returns the impassable man of science, "and I will say, therefore, that I am VERY CERTAIN that this substance is so-and-so." Mr. McEwen looks almost imperceptibly pleased and the examination goes on.

Luetgert Inattentive.

Luetgert sits heavy and inattentive throughout it all. What have a lot of chemical kioskaws to do with getting him into or out of the hangman's noose? Mr. Philp has nothing to do to-day but to sit quiet, with an expression free from care, and eloquent of the conviction which he must be supposed to entertain that the case for the defence is making magnificent progress.

Nobody, surely, ever could be so complacent as Mr. Philp looks. But the jury does not look at him, nor at Luetgert, either. Their heads are all turned toward the witness box, and they make heroic efforts to understand the appallingly lucid explanations which are constantly emanating thence.

Nobody can help feeling a cordial respect for Judge Vincent. He was Luetgert's attorney for many years, and probably went into this case for that reason, rather than that out of any special relish for it in itself. He apparently believes in his client's innocence, but he does not let that belief blind him to the terrible seriousness of Luetgert's present position. He omits no effort to stem the tide of adverse testimony and to keep before the jury the defence's theory of the case.



Luetgert's Cellar, Where, It Is Held, He Tried to Hide His Wife's Murder.

The vat in the centre, marked by a cross, is the famous one in which, according to the prosecution, Mrs. Luetgert's body was boiled and destroyed. The vat in the lower right-hand corner has been used by the defence for the experiments, by which they hope to prove that the theory of the State is impossible.

(From a photograph taken especially for the Journal.)

was declared off. A few days later the disappearance of Mrs. Luetgert and the arrest of the sausage manufacturer followed. Luetgert has all along spoken of his plans for realising on his sausage factory in order that his two little boys might never be in want, and the suspicion is now aroused that he figured ahead on Mrs. Luetgert's death and his probable conviction, and sought to get heavy life insurance to go to his two boys in case he was hanged.

Dr. Charles B. Gibson, expert witness for the State, said on cross-examination to-day that some portions of flesh which he analyzed were similar to human flesh. On further questioning he admitted that he could not tell by analysis human bone from the bone of an ox or a dog and that he could not tell by chemical analysis human flesh from the flesh of a steer or a cat.

After this expert came Professor Mark Delafontaine, chief expert for the State. He came to the stand by the approach of two policemen bearing a heavy box. From everywhere in the court room curious eyes were turned on the box, and boxes were taken from it and held up to the scientist for identification as the things taken from the factory from which the experts were expected to draw evidence of murder.

"Did you make any test of the ashes that were brought to you labelled to indicate that they had been found in front of the Luetgert residence?" asked Mr. McEwen.

"I did," said the witness. "Please state the result of the test."

"Now tell us the result of your experiment with ashes that were found in the recent ash pile."

"There were clinkers and burned bones in the specimens that were brought to me," said the witness, "and the phosphoric acid than can ordinarily be expected, and the clinkers showed plainly lithium lines."

"What did you do with the bones that were found in the Hermitage avenue road-way?"

"I treated them with hydrochloric acid, I found phosphoric lithium in some and some none. Some showed potassium and some none."

Mr. McEwen produced a tin box containing ash that were taken from in front of the Luetgert house, and after having identified by the witness, passed it to Professor Long Luetgert, who had exhibited a tendency to look at everything that is introduced in the trial, reached his seat, and he insisted upon personally examining every exhibit offered by the State and making comment upon it for the benefit of the reporters who sit behind him.

His wounded vanity was partly healed when Mr. Vincent, to whom Professor Long handed the box, gave it into the sausage-maker's outstretched hand. "You are certainly entitled to see these things," the lawyer said in a plaintive tone.

Dr. Long heard the remark and, turning full upon Luetgert, exclaimed: "You will take the stand in due time, if you have patience, and will be given ample opportunity to explain all about this case." After all this side play Mr. McEwen asked the Professor: "Are you familiar with the action of caustic potash or crude potash upon animal substances?"

It not been for my fit of madness, I am the wife of A. L. Luetgert. I have been in Chicago ever since the 1st of May. I have worked in a boarding house for three months with another man. Do not try to find me, for I will be on my way to New York. Give my love to my children. Good-bye.

The letter was postmarked "Station L. Chicago, 2 p. m., Sept. 9." Mayor Harrison will turn the letter over to the police, but the officials said tonight they placed little credence in it and believed it is from some woman whose mind has been affected by a slight degree, by reading the proceedings of the Luetgert trial.

HIS SCENERY HELD UP.

Manager Beers in a Quandary Because He Employed an Artist Who Was a Non-Union Man.

The production of the "Isle of Champagne," which is billed for the Lafayette Square Theatre, in Washington, on September 30, is beset with snarls and pitfalls owing to difficulties with the trades-unions.

The trouble arose because several scene painters employed in this and other productions have refused to join the Scenic Painters' Alliance. Strikes of stage carpenters were threatened in some of the New York theatres in sympathy with the union scene painters, but the strikes did not go into effect.

"The Isle of Champagne," the Theatrical Protective Union has singled him out because it is afraid of the New York theatres and it has "held up" the building of the scenery here by ordering every stage carpenter to strike as soon as he started to work. He says that the same conditions under which he is getting his production ready exist in the New York theatres, and that he has been unfairly discriminated against.

"The scenery for the first and third acts," he said last night, "was painted by Walter Burridge, who is not in the union. We were not aware of that fact when we made a contract with him, but we paid him union rates."

"As soon as our stage carpenter began to build the woodwork of the scenery, Delegate Kelly, of the Theatrical Protective Union, ordered him on strike, and he obeyed the order. Kelly told me that if we discharged Mr. Burridge, the union would finish the work, but this we could not agree to, as a contract had been made."

"Then we got three other carpenters in succession, but they were ordered out one after the other, and we are now getting it finished under cover. If the union delays the play, or follows us any further, we will have to get an injunction against the union and its delegates."

SUGDEN TO TELL SECRETS.

Grand Jury Will Hear Who Wrote the Letters to Grace Wilson.

Albert V. Sugden, the valet for R. T. Wilson, Jr., who is in the Tombs, charged with larceny, and who claims to know who wrote the anonymous letters to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., nee Grace Wilson, has asked permission to go before the Grand Jury.

De Lancy Nicoll and R. T. Wilson, Jr., were before the Grand Jury yesterday to have him indicted. Sugden, according to his attorney, will reveal the name of the letter-writer to the Grand Jury if permitted to go before it. He has made a long affidavit setting forth his life history and how he at first became involved in the work of trying to discover who wrote the letters.

many women to dread the approach of the hour of maternity. All too frequently it is a time of almost unbearable pain and suffering and extreme danger. Women who are wise know that this is unnecessary. They know that the woman who takes proper care of her womanly self, who looks after the health of the organs that make motherhood possible, need have no fear of approaching maternity. They know that there is a sure and safe cure for all weakness and disease of these organs. Over 90,000 of these women have testified in writing to the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It is the discovery of Dr. R. P. Pierce, a regularly graduated physician and an eminent and skillful specialist, who is and for thirty years has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. The "Favorite Prescription" makes the organs of womanhood strong and healthy. It cures all weakness and disease. It prepares for approaching maternity. It does away with the discomforts of the expectant period. It alleviates the pains of parturition and makes baby's advent easy and safe. Druggists sell more of it than of all other remedies for these troubles combined.

Woman should know herself. She should not be dependent in every emergency, great and small, upon a physician. She should be familiar with her own physical make-up. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser will reveal a world of important truths to the woman who is ignorant upon these points. It contains many chapters and illustrations devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. It is written in plain, straightforward language. The book contains over 1,000 pages. A paper-covered copy will be mailed absolutely gratis to any one who sends twenty-one one-cent stamps, to cover the cost of mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 665 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. If cloth binding is desired, send ten cents extra, thirty-one cents in all.

Far Under the East River.

Where you hear a roar as of many oceans and strange beings labor like demons.

Among the Sand Dogs.

See Next Sunday's JOURNAL